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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE
Notes ... 315
To the Favored Farmer—A Plea ... 316
Notes by E. P. Powell ... 318

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
Chinese, Korean, & Japanese Folk-Lore —Frederick Starr ... 319

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:
The Genius of Emerson—Mrs. A. G. Jennings ... 321

THE STUDY TABLE: 324

THE HOME:
Helps to High Living ... 325
An Incident in the Boyhood of Hans Christian Andersen ... 325
An Upright Judge ... 325
Any Future Life for Animals ... 325
Helping ... 325

THE LIBERAL FIELD:
Chicago ... 326
Kalamazoo, Mich. ... 326
Janesville, Wis. ... 326
An Outing for Sunday School Workers 326
Ann Arbor, Mich. ... 326
Western Unitarian Sunday School Society ... 327

POETRY:
The Love of the Flower—W. Emmet Gatewood ... 319
"Heine"—Oliver S. Brown ... 324
Home—*Dinah Mulock Craik* ... 325

Strong Land of Freedom.

TUNE: Luther's Ein' Feste Burg.

Strong Land of Freedom, thee I sing,
My home, my pride, my glory!
Through myriad hearts thine echoes ring,
The greatness of thy story.
Land of a world's desire,
Thy years my soul inspire,
Within their ample fold,
Lie centuries untold,
And ages rich and hoary.

Bright Land of Hope, beyond the waves,
Our Exiled Fathers sought thee,
Thy splendors gleam above the graves
Of valiant men who bought thee.
Wide oceans lave thy shores,
Proud cities guard thy doors,
Thy mountains cleave the sky,
Broad rivers flowing by,
And waving plains adorn thee.

To Freedom won by blood and tears,
Our country now is plighted;
To Peace, above the conquered years,
When every wrong is righted;
To work the larger will,
And others good fulfill,
Till peoples all are free,
The crown of Liberty,
And man with man united.

Eternal Father, seal the vow,
Which shall be broken never,
Of loyal hearts triumphant now,
A bond, which none can sever;
Thus shall we ever stand,
For God and native land,
And to our standard true,
The Red, the White, the Blue,
Whose stars shall shine forever.

—NATHANIEL I. RUBINKAM.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

1891 1898

Tower Hill
Summer Homes and Summer School

TOWER HILL is a resort without "resorters." It is a place where there is nothing to be seen but scenery—restful and varied. Nobody to entertain you unless you can entertain yourself. Nothing to hear sweeter than the song of the whip-poor-will. Nothing to eat but plain food. Country milk and vegetables from the company's garden. Nothing to drink but the purest water, drawn from the Potsdam sandstone, distributed through an efficient system of waterworks, chilled when desired by pure ice from the company's ice-house. Nothing to wear but plain dresses, to be changed only when dirty, unless you want to be out of the fashion.

Tower Hill's Great Charm

Lies in its inconveniences. It is three miles from a stick of gum or a cigar—the nearest railroad station. It is two hundred miles from Chicago; affords an absolute change of soil and scenery. Open from the first of July to the thirteenth of September. It is situated on the Wisconsin river in the bluff country, on the historic site of the now lost village of Helena, where the Wisconsin shot tower was established in 1832.

Spring Green, the nearest railway station, express office and post-office, is situated on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison.

The property is owned and controlled by the Tower Hill Pleasure Company. The improvements consist of barns, ice-house, dining-room, pavilion for public meetings (furnished with piano and organ), long houses, private cottages, etc.

The Tower Hill Summer School

Ninth Season

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR

This is held at this place for two weeks each year in August. The programme for 1898 will offer a course of five lectures on Sociological Fiction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, viz.: Aurora Leigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Felix Holt, George Eliot; Marcella and Sir George Tressady, Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, and "Altruria," by W. D. Howells.

Studies in English Poetry every forenoon under the leadership of Mr. Jones (list to be announced later). Course of Lectures on Forestry in the afternoons. Elective studies in Geology, Ornithology, etc. There will be a Farmer's Day, Young People's Sunday and Annual Grove Meeting.

The management undertakes to create an atmosphere that is free, non-sectarian, earnest but restful, seeking that intellectual life that recreates and fits for work.

> "I am not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school. There is so much going on that you cannot know of everything, and you only know of things by seeing them. Hundreds of others have heard of this school up here, but one has to come to see it to know what it means. It is now well started, well laid out, well planned, and years of growth are before it."
>
> REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D., in his closing address before the School of '97.

The New Unity Tower Hill Fresh Air Fund

For the third time the Tower Hill Company offers to give two weeks outing, including fare from Chicago and board at Tower Hill, and other necessary expenses to any city bound, invalid or over worked women or children, when properly accompanied, for twelve dollars each. Contributions for the same should be made to the editor of the NEW UNITY, and will be duly credited in the columns of the same.

For further particulars concerning summer board and rent of rooms, apply to MRS. M. H. LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago; for shares in the Company, including privileges of building sites, address MRS. A. L. KELLY, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago; concerning the Summer School or general interests, address the President of the Company and Conductor of the School, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

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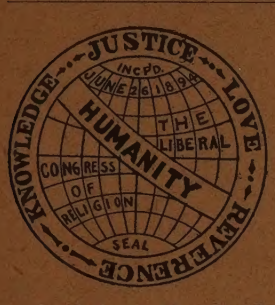

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

A man is not to be reverenced more than the truth, and therefore I will speak out.—Plato.

The management of the Omaha Exposition, profiting by the agitations and mistakes of previous expositions, have wisely come to the sanest solution of the Sunday question yet reached. The gates of the exposition are to be closed in the forenoon, the machinery to be quiet all day, the silent exhibit to be open to the public afternoons and evenings, and the auditorium to be occupied with high preaching or other religious services each afternoon. More and more must these exhibitions which carry with them so much educative power become exhibitions of mind as well as of materials, seasons of spiritual revealment as well as of material triumphs. Indeed, the one implies the other. Instead of two exhibits there will be one exhibit, ranging from the best hand-made ax to the latest discovery of science and the highest reaches of the poet. In this exhibit at Omaha the Congress of Religion will have a place. Its word and its workers will be at home.

We agree with the *Independent* that the Postmaster-General has done the right thing when the people of Pickens, Miss., refused a negro postmaster of his appointing, although the colored people outnumber the whites three to one, in closing the postoffice altogether. The white people now must go eight or ten miles for their mail. An objector to this action, as reported by the *Independent*, thinks that the "Postmaster-General would never think of naming a follower of Robert Ingersoll for postmaster in a northern village where everybody belonged to the church." We hope that the Postmaster General in this case would do just what he has done in the case of the South—close the postoffice on any community that refused a postmaster against whom they could make no charge except some Ingersolian views concerning religion. When the church people of a town cry out against a postmaster for his hypocrisy, impurity, and unmanliness, then let the department at Washington listen to them.

Our readers will note in our news department an address sent by the teachers of All Souls Sunday School to the Board of Education of the City of Chicago, to which we call special attention, feeling sure that the danger there noted is not limited to Chicago. There are no events in the life of the young which ought to carry sweeter associations or greater inspirations than the event that marks the severing of school ties, breaking up of class associations, the "Beginning" of larger and untried tasks. Let these sacramental occasions in the calendar of the civic church be guarded from the blighting breath of parade, pride, and extravagance; let them be shielded from flippancy and frivolity; let them be eucharistic seasons, in which the bread and blood of truth and love are passed around. Above all, let the public schools be shielded from the innovations that will bring back the obsolete implication that the public schools are schools maintained by the public for the benefit of some pauper or impoverished class instead of being schools for the whole public, where high and low meet in an unquestioned democracy. Let us keep our commencements simple and sober. Here is no place for vulgar parade of dresses and medals, or reckless exhibit of wounded and wilted flowers. Neither is here the place for the frivolities possible only when the heart has closed the inner chambers and opened itself to the outside.

Judging from the reports in the *Christian Register*, the Unitarians were happy at their Boston anniversaries. The festival, with the good dinner, bright speeches, the rain, and everything else seems to have passed off according to the well-established precedents of half a century. There was a fair amount of the usual self-congratulations and heroic facing of things to be done. But the Unitarian consciousness is still, as it seems to us, too painfully theologic. The "points" most often alluded to in speeches and sermons were the "points" of doctrine. But the live religious questions of our day are ethical and sociological more than dogmatic and creedal. It is easier for the man in Unitarian or orthodox ranks to-day to have a clear conscience as to the Trinity, vicarious atonement, inspiration, salvation, and to speak frankly of these than to see

clearly and to speak fearlessly on questions of temperance, the tobacco habit, the proper use of money and time, the responsibilities as to the unearned increment in our lines, what are we to do with and for our boys that so often go to the bad, and our girls that are too often frivolous and superficial; what are the relations of the clubs to the church, and the athletic field to the library; questions of sweat-shops and vacation schools, the over-worked country women and city men. These are the hot questions of our day, and the world waits for clear utterances on these questions from the Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, and orthodox pulpits alike. If there are to be discussions and antagonisms in the religious world to-day, the lines will not move parallel with the historic creeds. Upon them has already fallen the confusion and ambiguity of things absolute or obsolescent. The live questions are the hard questions. Let us all apply ourselves to them. The future is for the church that will fight its battles on these lines.

Deplorable as are the vicissitudes of war, reluctant as the mind is to justify its violence and its cruelty, yet even here the law of compensation reveals itself by flashes. How easy it is to do hard things. How sublime are the inspirations of danger; how rich is humanity in hero stuff. Lieutenant Hobson and his brave associates are added to the list of the heroes of the United States. All honor to them. Let their story be told to the rebuke of the indolent, to the shame of the selfish, and to the inspiration of the young. But in the pride of our patriotism, let us not forget that in the sinking of the Merrimac, Spain also recorded her triumphs. Admiral Cervera rose to the occasion, and in that splendid flash of chivalry set aside his humiliation and his possible defeat long enough to do justice to the human and the humane in his hand. In that prompt and gracious recognition of heroism which sent the flag of truce to the enemy's ship with the message that their heroes were safe and that they would be well cared for, is a rebuke to the American press and the American mind that in these days are so prone to dismiss all that is Spanish, together with all Spaniards, with the adjectives of contempt and dishonor. Cervera is not an unworthy descendant of Cervantes. In the Hales' book on Spain in "The Story of the Nations," we read, "The history of the modern novel cannot be traced without going back to Spanish originals." Let the generous act of Cervera remind us that there are still possibilities of a higher heroism found even in Spain and amongst Spaniards. To the All-Seeing Eye, who were the greater heroes that morning, the brave young band of Americans who took their lives in their hands and accomplished a desperate feat, or the baffled and imprisoned admiral who so gallantly and magnanimously acknowledged and rewarded the bravery of his foes?

No one can doubt the physical outcome of this war with Spain, but when we consider the spiritual results we can but feel that the United States is exposed to a peculiar and threatening danger, and it may be, alas! that history will find here a new illustration of the old Bible text that says, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." If our triumphs will develop in us an ambition to become a "power;" if it will give us an appetite for interference by the force of arms in the problems of other nations; if it leaves us with an expensive entailment of a standing army and a costly navy upon our hands; if we find ourselves with remote points to guard and a wicked appetite for territory, better would it be that our banner should have been trailed in defeat than that it should float in triumph. Calamitous will be the war if it is not brought to such an issue as to leave our enemies cause to bless us, as was the case in the triumphs of '61-65. When we forget that this war is not against Spain, but in the interest of the Cubans, in behalf of the suffering, we are in the way of degeneracy. The dominion of the cannon must necessarily be a passing one, and under any circumstances it is a deplorable one. Every gun that is fired towards Cuba should be charged with bread, aimed at the starving. The banner of the United States must ever be rimmed with white if it is to float for the healing of the nations. If we must have war, let it be in the interest of peace, and let its triumphs ever make for humanity. Nothing else is true to the genius of America.

Do we in these days mean what we say, and is the New Testament to be taken in any other than in a Pickwickian sense, when we are bid "to love our enemies and pray for those who despitefully use us"? Now is the time to apply this principle and to put our religion in practice. War is a deplorable necessity. It may be a divine benediction, but only when "the sword is bathed in heaven," as the great Hebrew prophet put it.

To the Favored Farmer—A Plea.

Much has been said and is being said on the political stump and elsewhere of the miseries and burdens of the farmer, and far be it from THE NEW UNITY to discount any of the sympathy that rightly belongs to these cornerstones of commerce and civilization. We know too well the exhaustive toil and anxieties about taxes, mortgages, the long days, the uncertain returns, the unexpected calamities that come from storm, flood, and pest in the field and in the barnyard; but the worst calamity that can possibly befall the farmer is a chronic consciousness of his hardships, an habitual disposition to catalogue

his miseries and his misfortunes, and the consequent tendency to consider himself the most ill-used and unfortunate among God's children. And under this logic and habit of envying those whom he considers the more fortunate people of the city, accusing them beyond their deserts of luxuries, indulgence, unmeasured extravagance, and "all the crimes in the calendar."

Comparisons here are of all comparisons the most odious and the least justified, for human nature in the city and out of the city is much the same, and each carries its peculiar burden and its special trials.

But at this time we venture to remind the farmer of the inestimable blessings that are his simply because he is a farmer. The farm means at least unstained air and an horizon unrimmed by smoke and by walls; the landscape redolent with flowers and musical with birds. The farmer in these days at least lives close to the unadulterated and undiluted milk fountains, and to him the garden and the orchard offer the freshest and the best.

Vacation brings to the farmer's child at least the priceless privileges of the field, a boundless appetite, and an abundance of nature's best to gratify that appetite. It means wholesome toil, profitable fatigue, innocent sleep. Think of the contrast with the child of the city; for vacation brings country outings only to the smallest percentage of city children, and to the children of the wage-earner it means chafing confinements of street and sidewalk, the pestilential alley for a playground, and long days of idleness with associates and associations which cannot be selected and which are thrust upon them.

A case in point: The other day there came to our sanctum a bright, loyal, brave little mother who has steady employment two days in the week at $1.25 a day as saleswoman in one of the great department stores, the two "bargain days," during which the "leaders," the products of the sweat-shops, etc., are disposed of at bankrupt prices in order that the establishment may reap a neat profit from the extra sales that happen by the way. For the remainder of the week this mother must depend on the intermittent engagements of a summer sewing-woman. Her income is an uncertain maximum of twenty-six or twenty-seven dollars a month. Eleven of these must go for rent, for two pent-up rooms in an apartment building, the high price being paid largely for the sake of the respectable surroundings. From the balance she sustains herself and two children. Sometimes the food problem of the three is figured down to a dollar and a half a week, skim milk at two and a half cents a quart being one of the items. But under all this the mother did not wince. She was equal to her problems while the school lasted, but the vacation with the prospect of her as yet unpolluted, clean and manly boy of nine years old being doomed for three months to the desert of the streets from early morning until late at night, for she must be at her work, brings her despair; the problem of the fourteen-year-old daughter is not so perplexing, for she can take her with her to the store, may be after awhile get her work as a cash girl. But do our readers wonder that she staggered and brought to us her suppressed cry concerning the boy? And what had the editor of THE NEW UNITY to suggest? He knows of plenty of good farms and kind-hearted farmer men and women who would take the boy for pay, and most of these desirable homes start with the assumption that city folks have a lot of money, and summer time is a time to turn an honest penny out of city boarders. This is true of many city people, but oh, you farmers with children, you farmers with the big uddered cows, farmers with the loaded currant bushes and long onion beds—aye, you poor farmers with mortgages but with robins also, think of this nine-year-old, and remember that he is typical. Hundreds and thousands of them not in the alleys, but upon the streets of Chicago. His mother, indeed, has no mortgage to worry her, but her annual rent amounts to six per cent on about two thousand dollars, which never represents even a far-off dream of a home of her own, and never brings the consolation that belongs to pronouns in the possessive. Is there not some danger of the great farm constituency of this country, which after all represents the prosperous, the independent, the home-owning constituency of America, forgetting that they are part of the whole; that they have obligations of a civic, social, philanthropic character as well as the city people? They read of city efforts to maintain vacation schools, lakeside hospitals for sick children, fresh air funds for invalids, missions in the interest of ideas, publication and other funds in the interest of unpopular ideas, reforms in religion and education, and the story is inspiring to them. They profit by the means, and await gladly the publications, and pity the babies. Can they do more? Here as elsewhere contributions in money, while welcome, are the poorest contributions ever made. Have they no contributions in kind? Are there no trundle-beds outgrown, no attic rooms or barn lofts that can be converted into provisional quarters to these city boys whose mothers are making shirtwaists for country belles for three or four cents apiece?

What is THE NEW UNITY to do for this boy, and such as he? Is there no place where he may be saved from the street, and for the plucky little mother who will welcome him back when September comes and heroically sustain him in his skim-milk diet for another year or two of preliminary study ere he joins the long ranks of the tireless wage-earners of our city, most of whom have nothing to look forward to but a fair living in somebodys' else's house to the end of the chapter?

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Of the present growing cordiality of England and America, Herbert Spencer sends us word that "If the present crisis should bring about a cordial understanding between America and England, the benefits to themselves and to the world at large will far exceed all the evils now impending." Let us add to this that such a union would lead both countries to a higher degree of unselfishness, not only in their relation to each other, but in their internal politics. It would mean a good half-century of progress in a year.

After all, the grandest thing about Mr. Gladstone is not Gladstone himself, but the age that speaks in him, and for which he is recognized as the best representative. Into the glass of such a character we look at the close of the nineteenth century, and say, Behold! this is what we have learned to admire and love. Such men as Sheridan, Fox, Pitt, Palmerston, and Disraeli no longer meet requirements of a moral and political sort demanded by the English-speaking people of the world. Our ideal must be a man as true and pure in the family, as generous in his dealings with the poor and the foreign as he is devoted in his patriotism and skilled in his diplomacy.

A recent writer in the *Contemporary Review* insists that Christianity in two points stands ahead of all religions. The first point is, in his judgment, what he calls the Companionhood of God. This is more than Fatherhood; it is the approach of God to man as a helpful holy spirit, a teacher and guide. The second point that Mr. Robson enumerates is, that Christianity teaches "that to those who repent sins are forgiven, while other religions teach that they must be atoned for by the sinner himself, by sufferings or penances, by sacrifices or offerings."

The present war has brought out with clear emphasis the fact that American citizenship does not hang upon a man's religious convictions. Our government is no more Protestant than it is Catholic. The separation of church and state is substantial, and not merely nominal. A Catholic is as likely to be imbued with liberal political views as a Protestant, and we stand together in detesting brutality, whether it is perpetrated in a Catholic country or some other.

"The world loves courage." Yes, it does in the long run. But bigots and false-hearts detest it, and they always get their words in at the first. So for a time a straightforward man must expect to endure hatred, if not lies and sneers. Can he? That is the test of a man's quality. Judge Booth was a man who never flinched; never thought it possible to swerve from the straight line of conviction and principle. His life was an ideal of honorable citizenship, domestic faithfulness, and religious purity. I was not there to say it at his funeral, but it is a great thing to have known such a man, and be able to say with the full force of the Saxon word, I *loved* him.

We are glad to see that the religious press of England is as cordial toward us as the political. The *Advance* quotes the *Christian World* as saying, "The true policy for British statesmen to follow is to secure once for all an ally whom we can trust, and whose natural sympathies will co-operate with its people's material interests, to stand by us when we are in difficulty." It is not out of place to express our pleasure at the clear, manly tone of every line of the *Advance* bearing on this great question of war for righteousness' sake. In an editorial it says that "the war is a question of manhood. Will Britain and the United States lead the world in this respect? Would that all of our young men were strong, not only in the physical qualities which make good soldiers, but also in those higher qualities that round out manhood and make it complete in Christ Jesus."

Our friend Chadwick is using his rapier once more in the *Register* on Professor Sidgwick, showing that creedless churches get along better than those which undertake to establish a creed so generously simple that nobody can possibly find anything to disapprove. We are not so deeply interested in the question of creeds as in the question of deeds. Why should not each church draw up as a basis of union a series of articles declaring what it proposes to do, rather than what it proposes to believe? We have outlived the age of conformity in theories, and cannot do better than go back to primitive Christianity —"Glory, honor and peace to every man that worketh good."

The *New England Magazine* comes to us with one of the most delightful table of contents conceivable. It opens with an article on "The Birds," finely illustrated and attractive in the text. George Willis Cooke gives us a pleasant story of Concord history and life. This is also illustrated very thoroughly. The editor's Table gives us a prevenient account of the historical pilgrimage which is to take place into the King Philip country. I cannot conceive anything better in the way of historical study than these pilgrimages, and wish that I might be with them. Last year a study was made of the haunts of Whittier. The study of King Philip's country is of the land immediately around Mount Hope. To study history one must know the environments of events. Cannot some one set on foot a system of historical exchanges, so that our Southern friends shall spend some time breathing the atmosphere of Northern social life, and we at the North may come in closer contact with the South?

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Love of the Flower.*

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants a love in every hour,
He plants a hope in every breast,
That gladdens toil and sweetens rest.
He plants a promise and a seed
To grow a blessing. In the deed
He scatters blessings all around,
In perfumed air and shaded ground.
From sun to sun, in shine or shower,
He praises God who plants a flower.

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants the promise of the bower,
With song of bird and chirp of young—
The song of Love, by lovers sung.
The breezy rustle of the leaves
That, clust'ring 'round our homestead eaves,
Plays patter-music with the shower,
Or silent concert with the hour
Of sunshine; still, in shine or shower,
He praises God who plants a flower.

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants, with Love, a heavenly power
To lift the heart. Its own sweet *soul*
Speaks oft to His. With Love's control
Its petaled finger points above.
A breath divine—a perfumed love
Fresh blown from God—a breath of Heaven—
The soul of life, divinely given.
To live for Love instead of power.
He praises God who plants a flower.

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants its love, which, hour by hour,
Comes sweetly back to bless his own,
And make his heart its sacred home,
Where human love and love divine
May find for each a common shrine.
He plants a blessing on all life,
He plants its love—a sacred wife
With mission sweet and silent power.
He praises God who plants a flower.

W. Emmet Gatewood.

*To the Editor—My ten-year-old recited in school the poem entitled "The Heart of the Tree," published in your issue of April 28, 1898. It pleased his teacher very much, and its beauty has grown upon me. Having returned from visiting a patient and feeling badly, I took a spade and prepared a flower bed, thinking I could work off my indisposition, and repeating to myself the passage "In the sweat of *thy* brow," with the emphasis on *thy*. I grew brighter, and after planting the flowers and recalling the question in the first line of "The Heart of the Tree," I was led to the enclosed, which after much hesitation I concluded to send to you. If worth planting, you can plant it with the Tree. W. E. G.

Chinese, Korean and Japanese Folk-Lore.*

The year's harvest in Japanese, Korean and Chinese folk-lore, which we bring you to-night is not large. The short time given for gathering it has prevented securing information regarding the work done by local societies and resident workers. The number of papers in American and European publications is surprisingly small.

No one will ever descibe the *Feast of Lanterns* or the *Feast of the Dead* in Japan more charmingly than Lafcadio Hearn. The *Bommatsuri* is now held from the thirteenth to the fifteenth of July. The decoration of the shrines, the offering to the gods, the blazing torches set out at night to guide the spirit visitors, the hundred and eight welcome fires on the coast or shore, the astonishing display of lanterns, the visit to the cemetery and the offerings at the grave—all these are daintily described. So, too, is the final ceremony:

"... more touching than that of the Segski, stranger than the Bonodori—the ceremony of farewell. All that the living may do to please the dead has been done; the time allotted by the powers of the unseen worlds unto the ghostly visitants is well-nigh past, and their friends must send them all back again. Everything has been prepared for them. In each home small boats made of barley straw closely woven, have been freighted with supplies of choice food, with tiny lanterns, and written messages of faith and love. Seldom more than two feet in length are these boats but the dead require little room. And the frail craft are launched on canal, lake, sea, or river, each with a miniature lantern glowing at the prow, and incense burning at the stern. And if the night be fair they voyage long."

It is rather daring after that for any one else to describe the *Bommatsuri*. But Agnes Morgan does so in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. The festival is described as observed in Kishin Province. For comparison the description is valuable. The festival used to come on the thirteenth to the fifteenth days of the seventh month (old calendar) but is now observed at most places in July. Miss Morgan puts us under greater obligation by her description of the festival to *Tanabata San*, the star Vega, observed on the seventh day of the seventh month. The Japanese, in their old year, celebrated five national festivals called *go-sekku*. They came on the first day of the first month, the third of the third month, the fifth of the fifth month, the seventh of the seventh month and the ninth of the ninth month. There was none on the eleventh of the eleventh month as then the *Kami* (gods) were gathered in council at holy Idzumo. Vega is the star of happiness. The festival to it is a time of gayety to children of both sexes. A bamboo plant is brought into the house and upon it are hung pictures of two celestial visitants who came from Vega over the Milky Way to see mankind. On it are are also hung gifts, apparently symbolical, intended to show the results of man's work in the field and woman's industry at the loom. The next night the tree is set adrift with all its ornaments, fruits and toys for the spirits.

Korean folk-lore is not yet common property. Dr. Allen's little book, "*Korean Folk-Tales*," is good so far as it goes but it gives less than a dozen stories. Mr. Culius' "*Korean Games*" is excellent, but these two works are almost the only easily accessible material from the field. Additional matter is then particularly welcome. Dr. Landis presents four capital "*Korean Folk-Tales*" in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. They are well told, and are delightfully local in dress and flavor. "*The Tale of the Envious Brother*" is the Korean form of an old friend from France, Poland and other parts of Europe. Briefly outlined we have the adventures of two men who took the oath of brotherhood; as pottery-sellers they traveled together: the elder, jealous of the other's prosperity blinded him in his sleep and left him: through fairy aid he secured the magic leaves which restored sight; he overhears tiger magicians in the form of aged monks talking, and thus learns of an unknown spring in a village suffering for water and of a nobleman's daughter sick unto death due to a dreadful centipede concealed beneath her sleeping-room: through this knowledge he gains wealth and fortune and a lovely bride. Later the envious elder brother learns the story and tries his luck, but is known and eaten by the tiger musicians.

Anna Tolman Smith (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*), "*Some Nursery Rhymes from Korea*," calls

*Paper read before the International Folk-Lore Association, Chicago, May 31, 1898.

attention briefly to songs sung to infants of the *Hermit Nation*. Their rhythm "arises not so much from regular metrical construction as from the cadences of the singing." The author claims that some of these songs are *old*, even in that land where everything is dated by centuries. Common folk may sing:

> "Ha, dog, dog, do not bark,
> Sweetly sleeps my golden baby;
> Sweetly sleeps my silver baby,
> Lullaby, lullaby;
> Hush, hush, lullaby, sweet peach blossom."

Rich mothers may say:

Let us sleep, let us sleep, now you should sleep, our baby is sleeping well.
The baby of Unja! the baby of Gunja! you are the okpodong in the mountain of ten thousand crests.
How can you be bought with gold, or how with silver are you to be purchased?
You are the baby faithful to your parents.
You are the baby patriotic to your nation.
You are the baby kind to your brothers and sisters.
You are the baby harmonious with your relations and friends.

Unja and *Gunja* are high nobility: *okpodong* is a waterfall in the mountains.

The melodies of these songs are simple. Peculiar effects are produced by repetition and interpolation of words and syllables, which receive varied slur and emphasis according to the mood of the singer. These modifications do not, however, change the air.

In Wilson's "Swastika" some account is given of the use of the symbol in China. It is there called *wan*, meaning many, infinite number, etc., and hence, long life, great happiness and the like. The symbol occurs in silk texture, on musical instruments and elsewhere, both as an ornament and as significant. Most interesting, however, in what Mr. Wilson states is a series of notes by the Chinese minister regarding the matter, accompanied by a series of eight curious drawings. The "Swastika" occurs upon the breast of Buddha. For a spider to spin a "Swastika" in its web, over fruit or melons, on the seventh day of the seventh month is auspicious. In the Tang dynasty a buffalo is said to have been found with a "Swastika" upon its forehead. Lastly, the mountain date is said to bear a fruit, ripening in the ninth month, which resembles a "Swastika" in form. All these ideas are represented in the drawings mentioned.

In two articles in the American Antiquarian James Wickersham compares Chinese and Mexican custom and belief. In "*The Almanacs of China and Central America*" he emphasizes the fact that Eastern and Southeastern Asia have long made paper from the bark of a tree, in two varieties—a finer white and a coarser yellow: ancient Mexico did the same. In both countries divination and astrology were practiced and days were recognized as lucky and unlucky. In both regions the priests determined the matters and prepared books or almanacs in which the lucky and unlucky days are laid down. In the other paper, "*The Religion of China and Mexico Compared*," he pursues the same method of argument. He summarizes his conclusions thus:

> "The philosophy and religion, then, of China and America agree in these fundamental particulars. *Tao* or *Teotl* is the Supreme Essence from which all things spring. From chaos came life and out of bisexual life developed the male and female principles; then Heaven, Earth and Man are formed; from combinations of natural forces there was evolved a system of fours, fives and other numbers developing into a numerical philosophy. The *Tae Kah*, *Yang* and *Yin*, and *Swastika*, the Heaven, Earth and Man symbols, are identical. Their religion was a polytheism, the emperor was the head of both church and state; they each had monasteries, monks and nuns; they each burned incense before their idols, and sacrificed animals, flowers and birds on terraced pyramids; they each sacrificed human beings . . ; they each worshipped a multitude of deities of a similar character; their system of assigning the deities to the cardinal points, colors, elements and days was identical. From the evidence, it is fair to assert a distinct relationship between the systems, coming into America via Japan after the year 507 A. D."

Such comparisons are not now much in favor in ethnology, but it is possible we have gone too far in absolutely rejecting them. "Psychical uniformity" may become as foolish a fetish as "migrations evidenced by cultural similarities."

The occupation of Annam by the French is sure to bring to light a great amount of interesting folklore of a comparatively little known people. Some gatherings are appearing in the *Revue des Traditions Populaires*. Last May's number contained a paper by G. Dumoutier—*Traditions populaires sino-annamites Le renard*. The ideas regarding the fox are curious and varied. The fox can metamorphose itself into man or woman: it is long lived: it can become a phantom: it prophesies, is wise; it may be revered. Time allows but the scantest reference to details: "The fox, arrived at a certain age transforms itself into a phantom, but can only do so when it finds a skull to fit its head. Therefore, it goes to the graveyard and digs open graves: it takes a skull, puts it on its head, and then shakes itself in every way: if the skull falls off, it does not fit, and another is tried—so on continuously until one is found to fit. It may then become a phantom." Two of the stories given will serve as examples of all.

> "*The Fox Physician.*—One time there was a man who was a skilled musician and who understood the art of finding herbs and compounding medicine. His practice was large, and he was ever surrounded by students, attracted as much by his music as by the wish to receive his counsels and his prescriptions, which he freely gave for the cure of diseases. Still, it was noticed that, although he had the custom of perfuming himself and of carrying upon his person some odorous resin, his body gave forth a sickening odor and that he showed an insurmountable horror for dogs. When near death, he said to his friends: 'Do not abandon my body for an instant until it is placed and shut up in the coffin, for fear that the dogs devour it.' His last requests were respected, and his body was carefully guarded. When the bearers presented themselves to carry the coffin, they were stupefied at its lightness. Suspecting some marvel, they raised the lid. The body had disappeared. They then knew that the man was a fox transformed."
>
> "*The King Who Married a Fox.*—Arrived at the age of thirty years the king Ha-Vû, was urged by his family and his court dignitaries to marry. He married a young girl of great beauty, whom he had encountered one day when hunting on the mountain of Dô-Son-Or. This girl was a fox transformed into a human being. The king married her, but his reign was afflicted with innumerable misfortunes. At his deathbed his wife stood by his side and he clasped one of her hands in his. Having for a moment opened his eyes, the dying man saw with terror that he held in his hand the paw of a fox. He then understood the cause of his misfortunes and immediately died."

In the June number of the same review is a paper by Albert Basset—"*Traditions et Superstitions Annamites*." The article, one of a series, gives us some interesting details. Among them are data regarding human sacrifices and the root *ngam-ngai*. Human sacrifice was not uncommon even to a recent time, and may still exist at places. It seems particularly in vogue at fishing villages. Thus:

> "The fishermen of a village near Cape Padaran sacrifice each year a man to the spirits of the Sea, in order to ensure abundant fish and to conjure the tempest. Usually a stranger passing was used. He was seized, garroted, taken unto a height and thrown to the sharks; or was abandoned on some rock which was covered at high tide."

"In the bay of Hon-Khoi, another village of fishermen, sacrificed a man annually to the spirits. The victim was bled, trussed and roasted, just like a pig, then cast into the sea."

The curious ideas regarding the root *ngam-ngai* remind us of mediæval superstitions regarding the mandrake. It was magical in power. Special and dreadful rules were observed in gathering it:

"Wait for (or provoke) the death of a woman seven months gone with child, bury the body but take out the fœtus, cut off the head, wash it carefully, place it upon the domestic altar with candles burning around it day and night. After a varying period, during which daily invocations are made, the head speaks and directs where the root may be found."

Quaint conceptions exist regarding the *macohon*, or souls of the unburied dead. Such flit about as mere trunks without head or members, or as bodiless heads with pendant viscera and intestines.

FREDERICK STARR.

Two Singers.

I knew two of earth's singers; one longed to climb and stand
Upon the heights o'erlooking the peaceful lower land.
"There where great souls have gathered the few great souls of earth
I'll sing my songs," he told us, "and they will own *their worth*."
But if I sing them only to those who love the plain
They would not understand me, and I would sing in vain.
O, better far to sing them to earth's great souls, though few,
Than to sing them to the many who ne'er one great thought *knew*."
So he climbed the heights and on them he sang, and those who heard—
Earth's few great souls—ah, never they gave one longed-for word,
For the mighty thoughts within them filled each one's soul and brain,
And few among them *listened* to the music of his strain.
But the other singer sang to the toilers in the vale,
The patient, plodding many, who strive, and win, and fail.
His songs of faith and gladness, of hope, and trust and cheer,
Were sweet with strength and comfort, and men were glad to hear.
Little this valley singer knew of the good he wrought;
He dreamed not of the courage that from his songs were caught—
Of the hearts that were made lighter, the hands that stronger grew,
As they listened to his singing to the many, not the few.
He who sang upon the mountains was forgotten long ago.
Not one song of his remembered as the swift years come and go.
But the dwellers in the valley sing the other's sweet songs o'er,
And as his grave grows greener they love them more and more.

Eben L. Rexford.

What a weight on human life is the something called *an average!* We get to the point of doing a certain average amount of work each day or each year; we read a certain average amount; we spend or we save a certain average sum each month; we bring our efforts up to a certain average result; the church congregation gets to a certain average; a man's earnings strike a certain average; people waste so much or spend so much on the average; the teacher gets a certain average result out of his pupils, the mother a certain average conduct out of her child; the church contributions or the church revenues settle down to a certain average; we strike an average about anything, and there it stays. Heaven or earth cannot get people to improve on these averages. They seem just to *stick* there. Tell them there is any use in trying it, and they will cite a hundred reasons why it cannot be done. If they would spend one-half the time thinking up methods to get away from these averages which they spend in finding reasons for sticking there, they might accomplish something. W. L. S.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

The Genius of Emerson.

BY MRS. A. G. JENNINGS, TOLEDO, OHIO.

In the last analysis, the power of Emerson's genius cannot be divided, but it can be distinguished, and considered more minutely if we analyze it in its intellectual, its ethico-spiritual, and its prophetic bearings. Emerson was primarily an intellectual influence, an emancipator of thought, teaching not so much what to think as how to think; awakening the intellectual sensibilities, and stimulating a preference for higher over lower thought, which Sir Philip Hannerton considers the essence of intellectual living. There is no apology necessary when we say that we need above everything the guiding power of intellect, for it is partial knowledge that enervates. The world to-day is especially abhorrent of two classes of people; the foolish ones who believe what they do not know, and the wise ones who know what they do not believe.

Intellect and spirituality, science and religion, must go hand in hand; they are complementary, each incomplete without the other. "Some people," says Emerson, "disparage knowing and the intellectual life, and urge doing; I am very content with knowing, if only I could know. That is an august entertainment, and would suffice me a great while."

One of Emerson's most noted essays, "The American Scholar," delivered in 1837, is devoted to a consideration of this theme, expressed at a time when so much stress was laid upon academic learning. The views therein set forth were radical in the extreme, so much so that it was called by Dr. Holmes "Our Intellectual Declaration of Independence." In this famous essay he appeals to man thinking, and not to the bookworm, and would not have him subordinated by his instruments, by the past, by institutions, or by books, but using these agencies as means for the development of soul power and soul possession. To know in order to be, is the key-note of this remarkable production. In this essay upon books we may infer his own intellectual attainments, his range of reading, and favorite authors—Plato, Shakespeare, Plutarch, the Bible, the sacred bibles of all nations, the writings of the neo-Platonists, and German transcendentalists. His range was a broad one, including fifty-five volumes of Goethe in the original, and scientific works of De Candolle, and Sprengel, Cuvier, and Sir Everard Home. And his note-books contain pages of citations upon chemistry and meteorology. His familiarity with Greek and Latin continued until late in life; but he is never mastered by his learning, never convinced by another's thought. He read for stimulus and suggestion. With his marked individuality, he is wonderfully free from that goitre of subjectiveness which is attacking many minds to-day. He read with unprejudiced eyes, he saw with others' eyes as well as his own.

And in regard to that past and its experience to which we all owe allegiance, and which is in one sense our inheritance, he would not have us oblivi-

ous; for although the inner force of one's own mind is to be cultivated and excludes examples and experience, it is essentially at one with the best example and experience (that is, in its essence) and the present truth will be found to be homogeneous with that which has existed in all states if we believe in the unity of spiritual power. But his emphasis ever is,—we must *gain* that power for ourselves through discipline and effort, and hence the danger of envy and the suicide of imitation.

Again, none knew better than Emerson that self-culture, even of insight and purity, which does not look for a higher source is mere egotism—that higher source is the Eternal, the Everlasting Arms. Once more, self-culture must keep in touch with humanity; if not it is pharisaic, it becomes a refined selfishness, but selfishness still.

Emerson would use the intellect as a servant, not as a master. Never from him could come the confession of Margaret Fuller, "With the intellect I have always, always shall overcome; but that is not half the work. The life! the life! O, my God, shall the life never be sweet!"

Emerson's method was not intellectual, his style of writing was not literary (that is, prescribed), which fact has subjected him to much and adverse criticism. Theodore Parker thought he lacked the accomplishment of verse, while others felt that he lacked in philosophical system. Be that as it may, where do we find more of poetry, even in prose utterances, than in the writings of Emerson, and who of all the philosophers has better answered the questions of deepest philosophic import, of "the whence, the where, and the whither?" His method was not that of Longfellow, of Tennyson, or of Byron, but it was like himself. Would you have another Tennyson, or Byron, or Browning? Is not one enough? No one but the superficial or prejudiced reader will talk of inconsistencies in Emerson's thought, or criticise his method.

There was an underlying principle of unity in his structure, an organic unity which we should do well to discover. Friends, we are too young by many decades to criticise Emerson. Let us first understand him, and we might reply to the critics in the words of Obiter Dicta: "Brother Dunces, lend me your ears, not to crop, but to whisper into their furry depths. Do not quarrel with genius; we have none of it ourselves, yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it." Emerson's genius manifests itself as a moral and spiritual force, in that he brings us face to face with nature, he enhances the value of the human soul; and his being is harmoniously responsive to the Ideal Absolute, or God. He is thus a profoundly religious influence, bringing us into spiritual relationship with that which is below, around, and above us. And what is his attitude towards nature? Why, he says he has a child's love for it, and his intercourse with nature was part of his daily food. His finest thought is wafted from the breath of the pines. The Æolian harp at his window brought breezes from the winds—

> And proud Monadnock, with haughty tone
> Bent low, and whispered, "We are one."

Emerson was a true child of nature, and she whispered to him some of her fondest secrets; his poetry is teeming with her enchantments. Nature seemed to breathe and live again 'neath the touch of his magic wand.

> As one with prayers in passion flowing,
> Pygmalion embraced the stone,
> Till from the frozen marble glowing,
> The light of feeling o'er him shone.
> So did he clasp with young devotion
> Bright nature to a poet's heart,
> Till breath and warmth and vital motion
> Seemed through the statue form to dart.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Then lived for him the bright creation,
> The silver rill with song was rife;
> The trees, the roses, shared sensation,
> An echo of his boundless life.

To Emerson the seashore, the humble-bee, the titmouse, each had a several lesson of goodness, of duty, or of beauty.

> In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes
> I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
> Spreading its leafless blooms in the damp nook,
> To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
> The purple petals fallen in the pool
> Made the dark waters with their beauty gay;
> Here might the red bird come his plumes to cool,
> And court the flower that cheapens his array—
> Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
> This charm is wasted on the earth and sky.
> Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
> Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
> I never thought to ask, I never knew;
> But in my simple ignorance, suppose
> The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.

Emerson never spurned the objective world. "An inferior manifestation of God in the unconscious," he has termed it. All lower aspects of nature were to him the alphabet of the soul. The homely laws of matter were for us to learn. Nature was an open book for the soul to read, and no sane man would desire to skip its lessons. "The most imaginative and abstracted person," he says, "never makes the least mistake in this particular—never tries to kindle the oven with water, nor carries a torch into a powder-mill, nor seizes his wild charger by the tail. We should not pardon the blunder in another, nor endure it in ourselves."

But it is only in relation to man, or as man can use these agencies, converting them into obedient servants and not servile masters, that their true significance appears. The principles, processes, and laws of nature unfolded to man, verify to him this conclusion, that the same law operates in nature as in man, and the study and contemplation of these laws, not only bring man into harmony with nature, but "They are a corrective to introspection and a test of the intuitive method."

Nature is the immense shadow of God—nature a lower product, not yet subject to the human will, not yet able to analyze itself and know its powers, but containing potentially the principle of goodness which constitutes the All-Goodness. As to the common-sense of humanity, he says: "The restraining grace of common-sense is the mark of valid minds." We must have common-sense as a basis. It is finer senses we need, not less.

"We must be citizens before we can be cherubs," says Emerson. "You have built castles in the air," says Thoreau; "that is all very well, that is where they belong; now put foundations under them." The foundation structure is common-sense, and "the height of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the base." But having said this much, I must say more: There is rank above rank in these emblems, and an ascending effort on every side, and when these lowlier lessons are learned we cannot rest longer in the forms, but must obey the higher callings

of the soul. We are here to express spirit, and must not make the absurd and belittling objects of life of importance out of their due proportion. The lower wants of man are useful for their legitimate purposes, and in the course of God's economy they must be wrestled with and their secrets learned, but how can they be subordinated to the higher reason and insight of man, is the question for us to ask ourselves as moral and spiritual beings. I think the question resolves itself into this: Which kingdom do you aspire to, the higher or lower?—the spiritual or the animal? Can aught else but elevation of thought and high aims in life keep us from an arrested development or from reverting to the chimpanzee? If we truly answer the higher, then it is weakness of will that prohibits our advance or that incapacitates us as a race from rising higher and higher in the scale of being.

With Mr. Gannett, then, I ask again: "Is it worth while for us to be on nature's train or on nature's track?" Self-control, concentration of thought, sacrifice of lower to higher instincts, merging of self into the universal self as the "dewdrop slips into the shining sea"—these and these alone will insure us a safe passage into higher states of being.

Emerson's relation towards the Ideal Absolute, or God, the Central Intelligence, the Divine Principle, was that of lowly trust and submission. "I feel myself," he says, "in the midst of a power that I do not apprehend, but it apprehends me." He could not state this trust in propositions; he could not readily define this power. It was not with him, as with the great Matthew Arnold, "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," but we ourselves are of that power. In Him we live and move, and have our being. There is no place where God is not omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. Emerson's nearness to God was reflected in the God-like life he lived, and within his atom-range of life himself from God he could not free. At-one-ment might express that loyalty which he felt in contemplation and reception of the divine essence—reception that became giving in his turn. Emerson would see God face to face without mediation or veil.

> Draw if thou canst the mystic line
> Rightly severing his from thine,
> Which is human, which divine.

These were his words.

Over and over again he asserts his faith in God which was around and about him, within him, and above, the guidance and control of his destiny. He might have expressed this feeling of God's presence in the lines of Mrs. Browning—

> God is so good, he wears a fold
> Of heaven and earth across his face,
> Like secrets kept for love untold;
> But still I feel that his embrace
> Slides down by thrills through all things made—
> Thro' sight and sound of every place,
> As if my tender mother laid
> On my shut lids her kisses pressure,
> Half-waking me at night, and said,
> Who kissed you in the dark, dear guesser?

Emerson always embraced the affirmative. His gospel was that of hope and joy. He is called the poet of optimism, and has often been criticised for seeing only the good in the universe. Henry James thought he had no conscience, and refused to see things as they were, as he so positively ignored the entity of evil. This judgment of Henry James was not a universal one, for some of his friends felt when he wrote the essay on Fate that he had given too full swing to his skepticism, causing him to reply: "I dip my pen into the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into the ink-pot." The truth was, that Emerson did recognize a power in Fate which he called "unpenetrated causes," "the sheath of organization," "the metre of the growing man." But because of his high hope in humanity, he felt it healthful to turn from fate to the other side, to the freedom of the individual. Man, at his highest, overcomes circumstances and conditions, and becomes a casual power, a creator in the finite, as a Socrates, a Buddha, or a Jesus bear me witness. 'Tis weak and vicious people, he claimed, that cast the blame upon fate. When we say, I inherit this, I am fated to do that, are we not virtually acknowledging an inertia within ourselves to which we weakly succumb? Perhaps Emerson ignored evil for much the same reason that Thoreau refused to lecture against tobacco. "My excuse," he said "for not lecturing against the use of tobacco is that I never chewed it; that is a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay (though there are things enough I have chewed that I might lecture against)."

Several centuries ago Columbus sailed over stormy seas, and landed on these shores, and we were discovered. But, friends, for us there is the exploration of an inner country of which Columbus never dreamed. It is the discovery of ourselves, of those glowing souls which illumine all outward things. And we may be our own discoverers. "Inward the course of empire now takes its way." And it is by no strange seas that this pathway may be opened to us. By no extravagant whimsicalities, by no self-denying ordinances, or by going to jail. It is not the fact of eating meat or not eating meat, of drinking water or not drinking water that will effect a spiritual transformation within us. No; quite otherwise. It is by a simple natural goodness; by the performance of every-day duties; by adherence to the highest right; by knowledge of what right or goodness is; courage to be what we are; simplicity and sincerity. These and a life of devoted service will be the door-way for you and me to freedom of thought and spiritual enfranchisement. By obeying these behests, I need not say what compensations may be in store for us. I dare not; only they can know who will. But let me say this, from henceforth we shall be changed beings. "Poverty then will not be poverty, nor sickness sickness." We shall live with the immortals. The great and good of all times shall be our company. By the immeasurable mind you shall be nourished, the praise or the blame of man shall not materially effect you. Your own conscience will be the dictator; God, the God of the inner self, the God of Love, will be our guide and helper. Peace shall be ours—that peace which resteth in the satisfaction of work well done, that peace which passeth understanding. Henceforth holy influences will steal around you; voices hitherto silenced will whisper words of hope. Sights the most entrancing, sounds the most enhancing, will permeate your horizon. A new world will be opened before you, a hitherto undiscovered country—the World of Souls.

The Study Table.

"Heine."

"Sweet are the uses of Adversitie."
Ah, yes! 't is by its power we oft have gained
A world-wide treasure. Oft has sadness reigned
Where sprang the sweetest songs of poesy,
And sorrow borne the tend'rest melody.
The livelier strains of joy are ever veined
With melancholy minor. Grief unfeigned
Doth mark the path where fleeting pleasures lie.
Thy songs, O Heine, e'er remind us thus.
The tingeing of thy verse is sorrow's gold.
Thy music, e'er more dear, thou 'st given e'en us
Although our tongues are alien to thine own.
And since thy form has lain in its last mold,
Thy living words more close to us have grown.

OLIVER S. BROWN.

The *New World* presents a remarkable article in the June number from Mozoomdar on "Christianity as the Future Religion of India." The problem is, will Hinduism or Christianity control the future of the Orient; or will the two in some way be able to fuse into a new religion of the future, that shall satisfy not only the backward-looking of Oriental people as they are, but their forward-looking as they must be. Mozoomdar seems to believe in a future religion which shall be of one substance, one spirit, one life, one destiny, one god, born of both Hinduism and Christianity. A very interesting and deeply valuable article is that by Frederick Gill on the "Aspects of Personality." I have only dipped into "Revelation and Discovery," by Charles E. St. John, but intend to read it, with an expectation of much satisfaction. The key-note seems to be "revelation is simply evolution," and I catch this sentence on the fly: "The problem for modern faith is, not to guard with trembling a few ancient supernatural revelations as its only stay, but rather to gird itself to the exultant task of making a beginning in the blessed reading of the revelations, which now, as in all past times, infinitely outnumber the possible moments of human attention." It is interesting to find that the new historic spirit has found place in a religious quarterly, in an article by Charles P. Parker, on the "True History of the Reign of Nero." On the whole, I do not see how any one who cares to think deeply and carefully can get along without the *New World*.

In the June *Atlantic*, although there are articles of special power, I find nothing to me so interesting as a brief review by our historian, James Ford Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes is doing such thoroughly just work in history that even a few lines from him, and in the form of a review, are worthy of careful study. His history of the United States since 1850 is, all in all, one of the two or three best books ever produced in American history. His notes in the *Atlantic* are on Samuel R. Gardner's Oxford lectures on "Cromwell's Place in History." It happens of English history, as of American, that we are learning to reconsider accepted notions, and finally to lay aside such writers as Macaulay as rather brilliant paragraphists than true historians. The true definition of a historian is ability to look at both sides of a question, or perhaps inability not to do so. But here comes in a new danger. We are liable to accept the very opposite of the current notions of men and peoples as correct. So there is growing up a school of critical historians, whose main ability is to find fault with their predecessors. These, too, will be laid aside, and we shall finally be able to create an historical school capable of justice to both sides of a question or people. The present article or review is written by Mr. Rhodes in this careful judicial spirit which has characterized all the work that has come from his pen thus far.

The *Open Court* comes to us for June fully as interesting as ever, but in no sense the old *Open Court* that used to be. It seems to mark the stages of progress and lines of study of our friend the editor, Dr. Paul Carus. The opening article in this number is at least interesting in its discussion of the Song of Songs, and Solomonic literature in general. But since Mr. Conway's peculiar methods of writing history have been emphasized in his life of Paine and his account of the Declaration of Independence, we have learned to be somewhat suspicious of his positions and statements. Another article in the same number, on the same topic, is by Professor Cornill of the University of Koenigsberg. In my judgment the most valuable article of the number is that on "University Reform in France," by Theodore Stanton.

From "The Latimers" I take the following thoroughly readable passage: "Neow, Miss Latimer, I quite agree with you. The doctor is a most worthy man, an' l'arnt in Scriptur', an' all that. He 's a powerful theologian, and has the five p'ints of Calvinism at his finger's ends, an' several p'ints of overplus, I allow. But, bless your pretty face, when it comes to human natur', an' specially to brute natur', shucks! he has a heap to l'arn. My mother, God bless her! use tuh to say that religion was mixed a deal like her receipt for cup cake—one of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four aigs. One of theology, says she, two of human natur', three of downright honesty, and four of charity. Beat 'em up well with sound common sense, says she, an' there 's a religion good enough for a Christian or anybody else. Neow, you see, Miss, the doctor hes the theology in good heft, an' maybe some of the other ingrejents, too. But he 's powerful short on human natur'." If you want a thoroughly capital novel, get "The Latimers." It is good history also.

The *Forum* for June gives us a good table of contents, but most of it of not a striking quality. An article by Professor Dowd on "The Textile War between the North and the South" deserves careful study, and another on "The School System of Germany," its merits and defects, as well as a third on "Some Aspects of the Teaching Profession," by Professor Burnham of Clark University, will be found of decided value for teachers, and we may add, our school directors and commissioners. If any class of men in the world are totally ignorant of the broad aspects of the school question it is those who are elected by the people to supervise and meddle. We recommend to such the two articles in the *Forum*.

The greatest punishment for evil conduct is the becoming like to bad men.—*Plato*.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The infusoria do not count until they are millions upon millions. Accept your nothingness.
MON.—What others claim from us is not our thirst and hunger, but our bread and our gourd.
TUES.—From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite.
WED.—The eternal in us can but profit from all the ravages made by time.
THURS.—The decisive events of the world take place in the intellect.
FRI.—Renunciation is the safeguard of dignity. Let us strip ourselves, if we would not be stripped.
SAT.—The only *viaticum* which can help us in the journey of life is that furnished by a great duty and some serious affections. —*Amiel.*

Home.

It may be under palace roof,
Princely and wide;
No pomp foregone, no pleasure lost,
No wish denied;
But if beneath the diamonds' flash
Sweet, kind eyes hide,
A pleasant place, a happy place,
Is our fireside.

It may be 'twixt four lowly walls,
No show, no pride;
Where sorrows oft-times enter in,
But ne'er abide.
Yet, if she sits beside the hearth,
Help, comfort, guide,
A' blessed place, a heavenly place,
Is our fireside.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

An Incident in the Boyhood of Hans Christian Andersen.

When this wonderful story-teller was a little boy, he lived in Denmark. His father was a shoemaker, and the family was very poor. When he was a little fellow, he went into a field with his mother and a number of children to glean the wheat which the reapers had left in the field. While the poor children were gathering the gleanings by little handfuls, an angry officer came along, armed with a whip. All ran as fast as they could away from the angry man; but little Hans was barefooted, and the sharp stubble cut his feet so that he could not get away. Not afraid, the lad faced the angry man and his upraised whip. "How dare you strike me when you know God sees you?" he cried, looking fearlessly into the angry man's face. The whip came down, but not on little Hans. The man admired the boy's courage, and praised him for it, and sent him home with gifts rather than blows.—*Lutheran Observer.*

Our little five-year-old was one day repeating one of her favorite poems, Longfellow's "Children's Hour," when she suddenly paused for an explanation. "Mamma," she asked, "How could he put his little daughter in his heart? Did he have to butcher himself open?" Mamma explained that it did not mean his physical heart, but his spirit heart. "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "I know! It means his sweetheart."

An Upright Judge.

An amusing incident occurred in one of our courts recently. A man complained of for cruelty to animals brought in a considerable number of his wealthy friends to assure the court that he ought not to be punished. After listening carefully to all these gentlemen, the court said to the man complained of: "It is very evident, sir, that you knew better than to commit this offence; if you had been a poor man without friends I would have fined you *ten dollars*, but under the circumstances, as your friends have stated them, I shall fine you *twenty dollars*."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Any Future Life for Animals?

We answer: John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, thought there was. So did those eminent Christian bishops, Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Butler. Coleridge advocated it in England, Lamartine in France, and Agassiz in America. Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on this continent, and a man of profound religious convictions, was a firm believer in some future life for the lower animals. A professor of Harvard University has compiled a list of one hundred and eighty-five European authors who have written on the subject. Many years ago a man left by will to Mr. Bergh's New York Society about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Relatives contested the will on the ground that he was insane because he believed in a future life for animals. The judge, in sustaining the will, said he found *that more than half the human race believed the same thing.—Geo. T. Angell.*

Helping.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It 's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you 're as big as I am, 'cause we 're twins," said Nellie.

"I won't carry it," said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window and saw the trouble. "One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We do n't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said mamma; "and then they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all the hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help."—*Exchange.*

"Not to me above my brothers
Comes thy mighty call, and yet
'T is my work and not another's
That before me thou hast set,
So I neither fear nor fret."

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—"A Symposium on Our War with Spain, Its Causes, Its progress and Its Outlook," was given at Dr. Rubinkam's church, the University Congregational Church, last Sunday evening. The first topic was considered by Frank C. Lockwood, of the Chicago University, the second by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of All Souls Church, and the last by A. J. Haynes, acting pastor of Plymouth Church. A large audience was gathered in the beautiful auditorium while the grim story of Cuba's sufferings was told and frankly admitted. There was admitted with equal frankness the dangers of the war and the need of preserving the open spirit, not forgetting that the individual heart is the unit of humanity.

A PROTEST.—The following was sent to the Board of Education, Chicago, and is self-explanatory:

To the honorable Board of Education of the City of Chicago:

The teachers of the Sunday school of All Souls Church, Chicago, in teachers' meeting held June 4, 1898, unanimously voted that the following petition be submitted to your honorable body:

We, the teachers of All Souls Sunday school, desire respectfully but earnestly to enter protest against—

First, the growing extravagance which characterizes the graduating exercises of many of our grammar and high schools as displayed in the hiring and decorating of halls at the expense of pupils, the printing of costly programmes, the purchase of class-pins and colors, and in the attendant, and, in some degree consequent, costly dress of graduates, all of which, in our opinion, should be discouraged, not only in the interest of economy and simplicity, but as tending toward accentuating the painful contrasts between the richer and the less favored districts and the arousing of unhealthy and unworthy competitions.

Second, against any assessment, large or small, voluntary or involuntary, upon pupils for the purpose of providing the expenses of such exercises.

We are led to this protest—

First, by the fear that our public schools, which we proudly and rightfully call the "bulwark of the nation," are in grave danger of becoming less efficient schools of simplicity and economy, of "that plain living and high thinking" which are fitting in the future citizens of a great republic.

Second, by a knowledge of the embarrassment which frequently ensues to sensitive children whose parents are unable conveniently to provide them with the sums levied for class purposes at graduation.

We would therefore respectfully urge that the exercises of the various schools be held in the halls of their respective buildings wherever practicable, that all extravagant outlay or display be discouraged, and that the necessary expenses of these occasions be paid out of the public treasury. For we earnestly believe that the assessment of any tax, however small, for school purposes upon the children of the schools, is an infringement of their rights, and contrary to the idea of the public school system, according to which all expenses should be paid out of the public treasury, and no practice should be permitted which tends to mark class distinctions or make unequal the burden and expense of attendance; for it is a fundamental principle of our public school system that the schools belong equally to rich and poor, and owe their privileges alike to the child of pauper and of millionaire.

Respectfully submitted. By order of the meeting.

EVELYN H. WALKER,
Chairman of Committee, All Souls Church, Chicago.

June 4, 1898.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—That the People's Church of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has made the past year remarkably full of activities is evident from a glance at its neat annual of fifty-eight pages recently issued. No less than eleven departments auxiliary to the work of the church and Sunday school, ranging from a Sunday morning kindergarten to a women's gymnasium, are in healthy working condition.

The Public Kindergarten, open every day in the school year, has so grown from its small beginning at the opening of the new church, nearly four years ago, that for the past year rooms for a branch had to be obtained in one of the public school buildings. The Young Women's Union of the church are doing special work for this branch.

The School of Household Science has graduated large classes both in sewing and cookery, and a recent exhibition of the work of the Manual Training School called forth universal surprise that such perfect work should, in the first year's effort, result from evening classes instructed by volunteer teachers. The branches taught are carpentry, free-hand drawing, music and mechanical drawing. This work is supported by the Young Men's Union, which has had a profitable year in the study of Dr. J. T. Sunderland's work on the Bible. The church annual contains the annual sermon of the minister, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, and the hint it contains that her work for the church may close with its tenth year is the only unpromising sign, but the work in Kalamazoo appears to be so well grounded, and so likely to receive earnest support, that its success may be looked for in any event.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—THE NEW UNITY, since last July, has contained no mention of the doings of All Souls Church, doubtless for the reason that the pulpit has been silent and the church without a pastor. It has seemed as though there was no immediate prospect of a resumption of services, and things generally looked a little dark for the future of the church. In the early spring-time Mr. Simonds of the Madison Unitarian Church, closed a winter's series of services, held on Sunday eves at the large opera house in that city and thus became at liberty so far as Sunday evenings were concerned. Seeing our situation he tendered us his services for a series of Sunday evening discourses, and under this arrangement has spoken to us for the last five or six Sunday evenings, using for subjects, "Our Liberal Gospel, is it Negation," "Daniel O'Connell, the Uncrowned King," "The Inspirations of Liberal Christianity," "Gladstone and John Ruskin," "A Reunited Country." The attendance has regularly increased until the last, when the house was filled, the G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps attending in a body. The address by Mr. Simonds was recognized by all as one of extraordinary strength and courage, one fit to be ranked among the great forensic efforts of the day. All of Mr. Simonds' efforts have been marked for their strength of thought and grace of delivery, and his work among us has inspired the friends of liberalism with new courage and renewed energy.

W. S.

An Outing for Sunday School Workers.

The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools has decided to close its second successful season with an outing, to be held at Geneva, Ill., on Saturday, June 11th. The time for social intercourse at the regular meetings has necessarily been quite limited, and the teachers who have become acquainted with each other at these meetings will no doubt enjoy spending a full seven hours in recreation. A special car on the C. & N.-W. R. R. will leave the Wells Street depot at half-past twelve, stopping at Oakley Avenue and at Oak Park for westsiders, and reaching Geneva at twenty minutes of two. At two o'clock lunch will be served on one of the many beautiful spots of Geneva, the various items of the luncheon having been promised by members of the different Sunday schools.

The balance of the afternoon will be spent in lawn games and in getting glimpses of the outdoor attractions for which Geneva is noted.

While the outing is chiefly for the workers in the Liberal Sunday schools of Chicago, these have been asked to extend the invitation to their adult friends who might like to spend the afternoon with them on this occasion. The party will leave Geneva a little before six and the round trip fare (payable on the train) will be only ninety cents.

ALBERT S.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Mr. Sunderland has for his Sunday morning sermon subjects during June, "Recollections of Sundays in the Holy Land," as follows:

June 5. "A Day with Jesus at Nazareth."
June 12. "A Sunday at the Beautiful Sea of Galilee."
June 19. "A Sunday at Gethsemane and on the Mount of Olives."
June 26. "Easter Sunday in Jerusalem."

A new supply of pictures of Dr. H. W. Thomas and the editor-in-chief will be ready in a few days and will be sent to subscribers who have ordered them. Any subscribers who have not ordered them as a premium can have them sent post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents, by the publishers.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand April 30, 1897		$ 13.00
Mdse. sales		1,110.14
Collected for outstanding accounts		37.29
Annual memberships		50.00
Donations:		
Mrs. E. B. Curtis, West New Brighton	$ 5.00	
Geo. Stickney, Grand Haven	5.00	
Mrs. C. I. Kleinstueck, Kalamazoo	10.00	
		20.00
Schools:		
Baraboo, Wis.	$ 4.50	
Decorah, Iowa	2.50	
Grand Haven, Mich.	3.64	
Lawrence, Kan.	4.00	
Luverne, Minn.	3.00	
Quincy, Ill.	20.00	
Sioux City, Iowa	10.00	
Hinsdale, Ill.	5.00	
St. Louis (Church of Unity)	12.00	
All Souls (Chicago)	20.00	
Milwaukee, Wis.	5.00	
Third Church (Chicago)	20.00	
Rochester, N. Y.	5.00	
Manly, Iowa	1.00	
Geneseo, Ill.	5.00	
Buda, Ill.	2.00	
Roslindale, Mass.	1.00	
Omaha, Neb.	1.00	
Sheffield, Ill.	2.00	
Hull Memorial Chapel (Chicago)	2.00	
Hobart, Ind.	5.00	
North Side Ethical (Chicago)	2.00	
Moline, Ill.	2.00	
Geneva, Ill.	2.00	
		139.64
		$1,370.07

DISBURSEMENTS.

Mdse. bought and publications made	$ 683.61	
Salaries	528.00	
Postage and express	109.90	
Insurance	13.50	
Stationery and office sundries	13.81	
Cash on hand April 30, '98	21.25	
		$1,370.07

RESOURCES.

Publications in stock	$1,238.16	
Plates and cuts	1,463.50	
Furniture	50.00	
Accounts receivable, net	65.19	
Endowment fund	60.93	
Cash on hand	21.25	
		$2,899.03

H. W. BROUGH, Treasurer.

Will Cringe No More.

In a general way, people should be allowed to follow their own likes or dislikes, provided their actions do not infringe upon the rights of others. If a man likes to drink whiskey or coffee, and he does not thereby harm some one else, his individual liberty should be respected. Of course, those who prefer to stay in the procession, to live long, healthful and happy lives, will use their God-given reason to so direct their movements, and particularly their diet, as to conserve their strength and mental and physical vigor, rather than to allow the same to be dissipated by the use of drugs and poisons.

It makes the coffee toper cringe to hear coffee called a poison or a drug, but that is the exact name for it, whether the toper likes it or not.

"Why, if I go without my cup of coffee in the morning, I have a headache half the day," is the confession of many of the unfortunates that bow in slavery to the drug. It is easy to break the coffee habit if Postum Food Coffee be served well brewed and hot. It is not half good when undercooked, but if allowed to continue boiling full 15 minutes after actual boiling commences the taste is delicious and the powerful food elements are extracted and Postum becomes a true liquid food.

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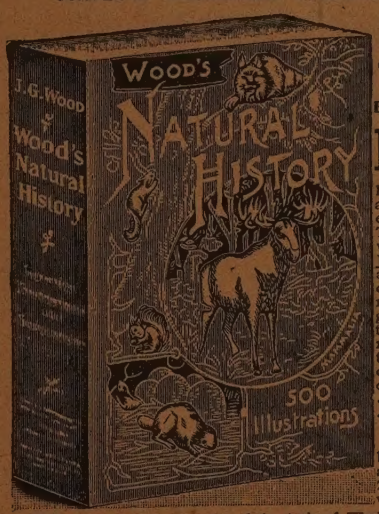

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"The Two Paths," by Marie A. Watson, just issued, has been pronounced by an able critic as an exceedingly interesting story, aside from its metaphysical aspect. The plot is strong and in many respects unique. The power of thought, especially the image-making faculty, and the ability to project this image is shown to be a two-edged sword. A student of occultism uses this power for a selfish end, and comes to grief at the hands of his would-be victim, who sees him in a dream, and believes that his astral form is the man in his physical body. The occultist is later found dead in his own apartment, while the young woman declares that she killed him in self-defense at her bedside. The heroine falls into a trance. Her soul loosened from the body has strange experiences in other realms. These she relates, upon returning to consciousness, to her friends. There are plenty of other incidents in the story, and a chapter on "The Ideal Marriage" is strikingly original, if nothing else. The book serves a useful purpose in illustrating the power of thought when exercised by one individual upon another, and also defines the use and abuse of such phenomena. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cts. Bound in cloth.
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CONTENTS OF NO. XXVI., JUNE, 1898.

Christianity as the Future Religion of India . . . P. C. MOZOOMDAR
Solomon in Tradition and in Fact, ... B. W. BACON
Aspects of Personality, FREDERICK GILL
The Genesis of the Occidental Nature-Sense . . . HENRY S. NASH
Revelation and Discovery, ... CHARLES E. ST. JOHN
A New Form of Theism, JOHN E. RUSSELL
Joseph Henry Allen, JOHN W. CHADWICK
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